

THE INDEPENDENT

The People's Paper

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HER ORDER

She checked the list with the greatest care. She said: "I think that it's all down there—a pound of flour and a box of soap, a bag of pairs of socks and a singham dress, a laundry tub and a toy express, then there's curtain rods and a window shade, a cut glass jug to hold lemonade, some kitchen spoons and a box of tacks, a spool of thread and a good strong ax. There's that silk dress length and the art satin, a driving belt for my old machine, a pair of lard and a kit of pork, a poultry house and a stable fork. There's my winter coat and my hat, of course those sheepskin mitts and that rocking-horse, a fold nether and a bunch of radiance and a nickel watch with a pound of glue. My land!" she said, as she checked it through. "I've clean forgotten the paint and books, the mustard pot and the picture hooks, the frying pan and the dairy pail. It's great to order all these by mail, to shop at home in my easy chair, from my catalogue, when I've time to spare, to look it through for the things I need. It's a most convenient way indeed—on a list like mine they prepay the freight, and they'll arrive at an early date. The time it saves and the bother too!" And she seemed so

LINES ON THE EVE OF HIRMAN'S TRANSFER

From the R. A. F. to the C. F. (With Heart-felt Apologies to Late Alfred Tennyson) If you're waking, call me early, For I fear I shall see the sun upon the glad New Year. For a new year it is surely and will not find me dear. When I leave you, all behind and I quit the R. A. F. Leave the Jolly boys we love so, stunting at ten thousand feet— For no true Mechanic ever in air could be discreet. Fifty times we looped the loop, our breakfast we could pour. This propeller on my sleeve, then how I fight the Dutch. What a time it has been, since I joined the R. A. F. As an egg is full of meat, storied history! Many a bitter month on Y Street, bearing all the war, There upholding, spite of them still the honor of the Corps.

For the long battle Squad, Borden, knew: from home an dmother, too, away in "sunny" Texas, in the South with all its sows, of good mosquito netting, we were quartered where we froze. My rights I should be wearing the gold stripes upon my breast, the gamine of Rinderpest. I've heard the Vickers, Lewis, blatted out each deadly drum, or blatched as sometimes strange, the bally target struck. For how those Cadet Boys always seem to get by on their luck! We have braved the bar- rage thick in Dallas; Fort Worth laid: our dauntless passage through them, daring matron, daring matron, daring maid, the sector Tallaferro, Benbrook, Everman or Hicks, have knocked 'em dead by hun- dred, taught 'em all our north- ern tricks. And I Cacti, Horned Toads, North- ers, you have generous hearts and I arm, when you took us, cheered us, fed us, halting at no foolish form. I showed the tepid Northern chappies what democracy you know, either caste nor class to temper human interest aglow, or you trusted, asked us neither what our name or class or creed, let us hope you planted thus what may prove a fruitful seed. Sargeant, when the war is over, ranges and differences will go, even those three stripes respend- ent that your arms so proudly show; Shall we conquer, or at last the hated foeman's goose-step learn? I so, be the victor, we the military seeds in turn! For democracy we're fighting, democ- cracy the Air Force led. Did they ever gudge our men the democratic U. S. bed? Were they pleased, Sir, at the Spar- tan state perforce they always kept. Did they sigh for the soft quarters where the Imperials often slept? You recall the cheery smile of him who was our feudal chief— Sarge, the interest he had in us was almost beyond belief. Well, my sheet is almost clean, what control that record proves! For I whimpered like old Bryno: "Surely, surely the earth moves!" But I never let them hear it, lest they wake from out their sleep. Let them all the mediaeval forms and flummery still keep. Potted on, a Saxon China, queues at mess, a half mile long. Sixty minutes changing guard whilst millions wait the lighted wrong.



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OWING to the seriousness of the fuel situation at the present time, the Government of Ontario would urge upon all the farmers or others who may have wood lots, to assist at this time by making provision for their fuel supply from such lots.

The Government would also draw the attention of the various Municipalities throughout the Province to the necessity of taking some Municipal action to secure fuel supply. To this end the Government has decided to issue to any Municipality in Ontario a permit to cut fire wood in Algonquin Park or from other Crown Lands free of charge. For particulars as to localities, conditions of cutting, etc., apply to

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Bottom Row (reading from right to left).—Chief Brotherhood of Railway and Canal; Deputy Minister, Railways and Canals; J. H. Walsh, General Manager, Quebec Central Railway; J. H. Shearer, Michigan Central Railroad; J. M. Mein, Deputy President, Order of Railroad Telegraphers; York Railway; S. J. Hungerford, General Manager, Canadian Northern Railway Eastern Lines; W. V. Linn, National Brotherhood of Maintenance of Way Employees; C. A. Hayes, General Manager, Canadian Pacific Railway.

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Funny as an Indian? Sounds queer, but those who speak at a recent dinner of fellow of the P.M. Delta Theta Fraternity know that an Indian has a true sense of humor.

Immaculate in a dress suit, Eastman spoke slowly and with a dash of his own humorous sense of humor. Listening to him, one found they were braver themselves were seated around a council while the big chief said his say.

Doctor Eastman urged Americans to "rush" the Indians into trenches and make "buffaloes" of them. The Germans will get on wind after a while, he said, and the following story in illustration of the point:

Out on a reservation in the far West, a chief and his squaw decided to go to town. So they left the agency of a certain popular motor automobile.

"Old woman," the chief said to his wife, "let us buy one of these horses."

"We are old," reminded his wife, "and the iron horse is dangerous to the young bucks—many of them their lives riding the iron horse." "Old woman," replied the chief, "are old and must die soon. Let us buy an iron horse, then we can die together."

They went to the agency and were met by a smiling agent.

"I would buy an iron horse," said the old chief, "is it easy to ride?"

The salesman assured the chief that anyone on earth could manage. "It is just as simple as this," he said, explaining what few levers there were to operate.

"Get in with me now," said the salesman, "and I will take you around and show you."

"I will get in the front seat," declared the chief.

"I will get in the back seat," said his old woman. "What you do, I will see."

Accordingly the party started. When the chief was persuaded to take the wheel. Within an hour the purchaser was persuaded that riding a horse was not so simple as it seemed.

Soon the agent had the money for the automobile.

"Now we will return to the village," declared the chief, as he turned the wheel and headed across the prairie. It was easy going. The chief clung to the wheel and the car performed admirably until they came within sight of the Indian village.

When the village saw the old chief and his squaw riding across the landscape it went out to meet them in a mass.

Braves jumped on their horses and rode forth whooping. Dogs barked a welcome.

The old chief got rattled.

Describing a great sweep, the ladybug bore down on the chief's tepee. "Stop it, stop it!" screamed the squaw.

"How, how?" asked the chief, clutching the steering gear.

"Turn, turn!" yelled his old woman. The chief turned, and they missed the edge of the tepee by an inch.

Around in a great circle the car continued, with the entire village following after. "Whoop-ee!" howled the braves. "Bow-wow!" went the dogs. The children screamed, the crows cawed, all nature made a noise, but the auto chugged on.

Again the car came around in a circle, headed square for the village.

"What shall I do?" asked the chief, looking back at his old woman.

"Hold to the reins! Hold to the reins!" screamed the squaw. "It will get out of breath soon!"

Lightning Uncovered Crown. Of stories collected by Mr. Shirley in connection with the present war, says the London News, none is more singular than one having reference to the emancipation of Poland.

When the Prussians took possession of Cracow in 1794, the Polish kingdom ceased to exist. The king of Prussia coveted the traditional diadem of Poland's kings for his own adornment. It had, however, disappeared mysteriously and the Prussian king was balked of his wish.

In January, 1814, seven months before the world war broke out, a severe thunderstorm broke over Cracow and a deadly elm tree to the city was shattered by lightning. Its fall brought to light a secret treasure which had been buried at its roots for 123 years, the longest crown of Poland. Some of its jewels were loose, and fell to the ground as it was picked up, but none was missing.

Thoughtful Willie. Freddie watched mother set the alarm clock ahead one hour as to bring it to "summer time." On Monday the family discovered that they had been awakened one hour earlier than was necessary. Finally Freddie said: "Well, mother, don't we have to set the clock an hour ahead every night? I fixed it last night to save you the trouble."

REGULARITY OF LOST HAND

That He Should Be Able to Feel It Alternately Open and Close Puzzles Soldier.

A British soldier writes: Most people, I think, know that when a person loses a limb, that person still retains the "sense" or feeling of the missing limb. As a case in point, I might mention that a friend of mine, who had lost a leg in the war, in an unthinking moment took a step on the missing leg and came to grief. I myself had the misfortune to lose my left hand on the Mesopotamia ridge last June, and all the pain I have suffered from the wound has been in the hand which I no longer possess. Now, the peculiar part of it all is that on alternate days the fingers of the missing hand open and close; that is to say, yesterday they were closed; today they are open. Tomorrow they will be closed again. Can this be explained? This change takes place during sleep, and once or twice, on restless nights, I have actually felt the change taking place. I was left-handed, and during the attack I carried my revolver in the missing hand. When the fingers are closed they are exactly in the same position as if they were still grasping the revolver. That I can understand, but why should they open on alternate days? The only explanation I can offer is that what remains of the hand after I was wounded was amputated exactly twenty-four hours later. Also, I was wounded somewhere about 4 o'clock in the morning, and was operated on about the same time the following morning, and the opening and closing of the fingers takes place about this time.

WHERE SOLDIERS ARE BETTER

Army Officer Explains the Benefits of Development of Physiological Resistance.

In an interview with Surgeon General Gorgas for the American Magazine, about the chances your boy has to come back alive, the author says, referring to another army officer for the moment:

"Major Crie said another thing which every mother and father ought to learn by heart. He said: 'The thing which affects a wounded man's chances more than almost anything else is physiological resistance. That is where the soldier puts it all over the civilian every time. When a man goes out from the worries, responsibilities, anxieties, and irritations of civil life to the peaceful pursuit of war—'

"He stopped and laughed. Then he went on seriously:

"I mean that I've seen these soldiers, who are fit, strong, and out and who were little more than baby-bugs in the trenches transformed by their life in the trenches into husky fellows that were grit clean through. They laughed at things which would have finished them completely before they went into the army. They had developed the biggest factor in a wounded man's chances—physiological resistance. And it was their life as soldiers that gave them this new possession."

Raising Goats in Honolulu. The island of Kahoolawe is to be devoted to lowering the cost of living—if production of 10,000 goats for marketing will do it. The board of agriculture and forestry has authorized Chairman Arthur H. Rice to confer with the governor and land commissioner on a plan to withdraw the island from the forest reserve and offer it for lease. This has been done and Chairman Rice has placed in the hands of Deputy Attorney General Smith the duty of drawing up the necessary papers. Kahoolawe now produces goats and sand. It is believed that thousands of goats of marketable quality can be exported from the island and a chance is to be given for some enterprising rancher to become the goat king of the territory.

New Name for "Em." The "Em" in East end household has a new name. It arrived at home the other evening and he was sent forth with to see "what in the world" was the matter with the furnace. His derby hat encountered the top of the door leading into the basement, with the result that the hat received a good-sized "stove" in the front.

As he emerged from the basement after a tussle with the offending heating plant he was met with a shout of laughter by the six-year-old heir to the family fortune.

"Gee, mother!" exclaimed the boy. "Look! Dad's got a dimple in his hat."

How to Make a Service Flag. It is due to the familiar picture of Betty Ross with the first American flag spread out upon her lap, and George Washington and two of his friends looking on that gives us such a bias to the word "flag" but nevertheless, a sentiment attaches to it that belongs to no machine-made production. Very properly, we should feel about our service flag in this way. An 11x12-inch service flag may be made from one and a third yards of four-inch wide red ribbon, ten inches of white ribbon and enough blue to form the stars to which you are entitled. Cut the red ribbon into four pieces, two 18 inches long and the other two so that they finish off four and a half inches, allowing for seams. Sew these strips together, inserting the white piece for the field. When applying a blue star, or emblem, it is according to desire. The white field will be varied in size in accordance with the number of stars used.

UNABLE TO UNDERSTAND IT

Frenchmen Gathered in Groups to Watch American Who Was Actually Drinking Water.

William Allen White tells in the Book News Monthly how thirsty he became for water, just common, plain water, on a motor journey through France, where it was not safe, for sanitary reasons, to drink the water of the region. The coffee did not taste good and the wine tasted like pokeberry ink. It seemed only good to put in fountain pens. Finally, at the end of a week he and his party stopped at a hotel where there was bottled water brought from the American commissary department. When he came to the table he ordered a bottle and this is what he says of it:

"Try going seven days on pokeberry ink and boiled coffee yourself and note the reaction. Your veins will be dry; your stomach will crackle as it grinds the food. The water in that bottle, a quart bottle, evaporated. They brought another, it disappeared. They brought a third. The waiters in the hotel were attracted by the sight. No Frenchman ever drinks water with his meals, and the spectacle of this American sipping himself with water while he ate was a rare sight. The waiters gathered in the corner to watch me. Henry saw them, and motioned toward me, and tapped his forehead. They went and brought other waiters and men from the bar. He was a rare bird; this American going on a big drunk on water. So they peered indoors, through windows and stood in the dining room corners to watch the fourth bottle go down. And when at the end of the meal the American rose, and walked through the crowd they made way for him. A desperate man at least commands respect, whatever his delusion may be."

WHAT WRINGS FRENCH HEART

Noxious Weeds Growing in Former Highly Cultivated Fields Cause of Real Agony.

Agricultural loss is not confined to northern France. The very high level of intensive productivity of the soil in general was everywhere due to two factors which war has largely eliminated: human labor and chemical fertilization. Indeed, the spectacular features of agricultural destruction in the departments evacuated last spring—gaping shell holes, crumbling trenches, barbed wire trailing like some rusty snake across the fields, even the fruit trees cut down to the level of the soil—look less sinister to the French eye than the miles and miles, the thousands and thousands of acres of rich wheat and beet sugar land untouched by the war, yet grown waist-high with the thistles, and every other sort of pestiferous weed; the apple trees full of great bunches of mistletoe. Before the war a French farmer was haled into court by his neighbors and fined for allowing thistles in his fields and the mistletoe in his orchard—remember this and you will get an echo of the tragic resonance that the phrase "terres abandonnées" has in the French heart.

Bank Responsible for Error. An interesting decision has been made by the Missouri court of appeals, relative to holding the sender of a telegram responsible for a mistake in transmission. A Wyoming bank telegraphed a brokerage house, offering a carload of potatoes at \$1.35 a hundred pounds. The telegraph company's mistake in transmission made the price 35 cents a hundred. The supposed offer was accepted by the brokers and the potatoes were shipped. When payment was tendered at the rate of 35 cents a hundred the Wyoming bank refused to accept the money and brought suit for the full amount. The Missouri court of appeals ruled that the bank had made the telegraph company its agent in forwarding the telegram and that as the brokerage house acted in good faith it could not be compelled to pay more than the amount quoted in the message.

State Protects War Gardens. The supreme judicial court of Massachusetts held, in the case of Commonwealth vs. Gallant, that where a landlord "arrested a tenancy at will of city lots, the tenant was entitled to growing crops as against the landlord and a subsequent lease with knowledge of the first tenancy.

The court said: "The general principle is that where a person is in possession of land under a title that may be determined by an uncertain event not within his control, it is essential to the interests of agriculture that such a termination of his lease shall not prevent him reaping what he has sown and we see no reason why a tenant should be denied the right to emblements by the act of the landlord where the crop is raised on a city lot rather than on a farm."

Labor-Saving Devices. Whether conditions after the war will be better or worse, for the average man in the United States, than they were before the war is a question that cannot be decided until the war has been over for some time, says the Christian Science Monitor. Omniscient signs are, however, appearing here and there. For example, somebody has invented a device which enables one man to do two days' wood sawing. This does not look encouraging, but perhaps it will be compensated for by the invention of a device which will enable two patient and indolent men to do all one man's work in ten blank.



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THIS IS
T & B WEEK

because she tried before she went to buy some of mine. When I declined to sell she seemed put out.

"But surely those prints of yours aren't the work of an amateur?" she said. "You sell?"

"Oh, yes, I sell—when I can. But I don't sell without a good bit of bargaining, particularly when I suspect my purchaser of wishing to make amends by a purchase."

"It isn't that at all," she said earnestly. "I want the pictures for themselves."

"Call this a preliminary, then, and come back when you have more time."

She shook her head, and there was a shadow over the brightness of her face. "I'm afraid not," she said.

"But I have enjoyed talking again with some one who knows and loves the best in art. After all," she added with a note of determination, almost of defiance, "there is no reason why I shouldn't come time."

"Then I may look for you again?" I asked.

She nodded as she moved out across the porch. "If you'll promise to sell me any print I may choose. Goodbye, and thank you so much, Mr. Sedgwick."

She held out her hand. It was a hand for sculptor to model, as beautiful and full of character as her face. (Comment by C. K.: Bosh!) Afterward I remembered that never again in our friendship did I see it ungloved. (Comment by C. K.: "Bosh" retracted. Some observation that)

"Au revoir, then," I said. "But you have the advantage of me, you see. I don't know what to call you at all."

She hesitated, then, with a little soft quiver of her eyelids, which I afterward learned to identify as an evidence of amusement, said: "Daw is a nice name, don't you think?" (Comment by C. K.: False name, of course, but highly probable first name is Marjorie.) "By the way, what time is it?"

"Quarter to 5, Miss Daw."

She smiled at the name. "King Cole will have to do his best if I am to be back for dinner. Goodbye." (Comment by C. K.: Good! The place where she is staying is a good way off, assuming a 7:30 dinner hour. Say twelve to fifteen miles.)

"That was the first of many visits of days that grew in radiance for me. It isn't necessary for me to tell you, Kent, how in our talks I came to divine in her a spirit as wistful and pure as her face. You do not want a love story from me, yet that is what it was for me almost from the first; not openly, though. There was that about her which held me at arms' length—the mystery of her, her quickly given trust that came into her face, like the startled attention of a wild thing poised for flight, whenever I touched upon the personal note. Not that I ever questioned her."

After her first visit she did not ride on her horse, but came across lots and through the side hedge, swinging down the hillside yonder with her light dipping stride that always recalled to me the swoop of a swallow, her gloved hands usually holding a slender stick.

All those sketches that you saw were but studies for a more serious attempt to catch and fix her personality. (Comment by C. K.: Couldn't he have given me in two words her height and approximate weight? I did it in pastel, and if I missed something of her tender and changeable coloring I at least caught the ineffable wistfulness of her expression—the look of one hoping against hope for an unconfessed happiness. Probably I had put more of myself into it than I had meant. A man is likely to when he paints with his heart as well as his brain and sand. When it was done I made a little frame for it and lettered on the frame this line:

"And her eyes dreamed against a distant goal."

It was the next day that she read the line. I saw the color die from her face and food back again.

"Why did you set that line there?"

She breathed, her eyes fixed on me with a strange expression. (Comment by C. K.: Rosetti again. The dead woman of the beach quoted "The House of Life" also.)

"Why not?" I asked. "It seems to express something in you which I tried to embody in the picture. Don't you like it?"

She repeated the line softly, musing pure music of it. "I love it," she said.

At that I spoke as it is given to a man to speak to one woman in the world when he has found her. She listened, with her eyes on the pictured face. But when I said to her, "You, who have all my heart, and whose name, even, I have not—do have no word for me," she rose and drove out her hands in a gesture that sent a chill through me.

"Oh, no!" she cried vehemently. "Nothing—except goodbye. Oh, why did you speak?"

I stood and watched her go. That was five interminable days. I have not seen her since. I feel it is her will that I shall never see her again. And I must! You understand, Kent, you must find her!

I set out to tell you that when I was sketching her I asked if she could bring something pink to wear, preferably coral. She came the next time with a string of the most beautiful rose topazes I have ever seen, set in a most curious old gold design. It was that necklace and none other that the woman with the bundle wore, half concealed, when she came here.

Today—it is yesterday really, since I am finishing this at 3 a. m.—the messenger boy brought me a telegram. It was from my love. It had been sent from Hamilton and it read:

"Destroy the picture for my sake. It tells too much of both of us."

The message was unsigned. I have destroyed the picture. Help me!

F. S.

CHAPTER V. An Inquiry.

"A M I running a stranger?" Best here? From Sedgwick's eyes he seemed to go in the ca. The name was obviously not her own, not I judge, her maiden name."

He turned very white. "Do me that she is a married woman," he demanded.

How could you have failed to see returned the other gently. "A girl of breeding and social experience would hardly have come to studio. A married woman might respect herself with full confidence and know with the same confidence that you would respect her. And, dear boy," added Kent, with his winning smile, "you are a man to have confidence. Otherwise I might have suspected you of having a hand in the death of the woman on the beach."

Over mind the woman on the beach. This other matter is more than death. Is that dimly supposed all you have to go on?"

o. Her travel. Her wide acquaintance with men and events. Her own police. And, reverting to the fact, as clinching evidence, there her gloves, which she always wore."

"What about her gloves?"

"You never saw her left hand, did you?"

"No, I see. You mean the wedding ring. Well, I suppose," continued Kent, with a trace of contempt in voice, "she could have taken off her ring as easily as her gloves."

There was no answering contempt Chester Kent's voice as he replied: "It is a ring, constantly worn and then loved, leaves an unmistakable mark at the connection between her and corpse on the beach may be the item. My immediate business is to over who the dead woman is."

And mine," said Sedgwick hoarsely "to discover the living."

"We'll at least start together," replied Kent. "Come!"

Twenty minutes of curving and dodging along the rocky roads in Kent's about brought them to the turn in sight of the town of Annabla. (The inquest is set for 11 o'clock.)

at Kent.

"All right," said Sedgwick with equal turn of mind.

her turned a corner and ran into a fringe of a crowd hovering about the town hall. Halting his machine in a bit of shade, Kent surveyed the gathering. At one point it thickened about a man who was talking eagerly, in vocal center of a small circle of silence.

"Elder Dennett," said Kent, "back in Cadystown. You'll have to face the music now. One word of warning: Don't lose your head or your temper."

Concern is to get to the bottom of this matter. There is something the sheriff knows that I don't know. Probably it is the identity of the body. To force him into the open it may be necessary for me to augment the case against you."

"Ought I to be ready for arrest?"

"Hardly probable at present. No; go on the stand when you're called and tell the truth and nothing but the truth."

"But not the whole truth?"

"Nothing of the neck. You won't be questioned about that. By the way, you have never kept among your artistic properties anything in the way of handcuffs—have you?"

"No."

"I didn't suppose you had. Those manacles are a sticker. I don't—absolutely do not like those manacles. And on one wrist only! Perhaps that is the very fact, though. Well, we shall know more when we're older; two hours older, say. Whether we shall know all that Mr. Sheriff Len Schlager knows is another question. I don't like Mr. Schlager, either, for that matter."

"Dennett has seen me," said Sedgwick in a low voice.

Indeed, the narrator's voice had abruptly ceased and he stood with the dropped jaw of stupefaction. One after another of his auditors turned and stared at the two men in the motor-car.

"Stay where you are," said Kent and stepped out to mingle with the crowd. No one recognized at first the immaculate flannel clad man as the bearded artist whose strange actions had aroused the crowd on the beach. A lawyer, solemn man addressed him:

"Friend or hat?" he asked, nodding toward the artist.

"Yes."

"High noon, then. Going to give evidence?"

"To hear it, rather," replied Kent pleasantly. "Here's the body?"

"Inside. Just brought it over from Dr. Breed's. He's the medical officer, and he and the sheriff are running the show. Your friend wants a lawyer, maybe?"

The thought struck Kent that, while a lawyer might be premature, a friend in the town might be very useful.

"Yes," he said, "from tomorrow on."

"Meaning that you're in charge to-day?"

Kent smiled. "I dare say we shall get on very well together, Mr.—His voice went up interrogatively.

"Halt, Adam Bain, attorney and counselor at law for thirty years in the town of Annabla."

"Thank you. My name is Kent. You already know as friend's name. What kind of man is this medical officer?"

"Dr. Breed? Not much. More of a politician than a doctor and more of a horse trader than either. Fidelity as a sandpaper and—"

"Did he perform the autopsy at his own house?"

"I'll bet the sheriff last evening."

into herself at the mere suggestion of past. Allowing for a half dinner and time to dress for it, she could have perhaps twelve to fifteen minutes to go in the ca. The name was obviously not her own, not I judge, her maiden name."

He turned very white. "Do me that she is a married woman," he demanded.

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"Did he perform the autopsy at his own house?"

"I'll bet the sheriff last evening."

Didn't even have an undertaker to help lay out."

The lobe of Kent's ear began to suffer from repeated handling. "The body hasn't been identified, I suppose?"

"Nobody's had so much as a wink at it but those two and Mr. Dennett. He viewed the corpse last night. That's why I guess your friend needs his friends and maybe a lawyer."

"Exactly. Mr. Dennett doesn't seem to be precisely a deaf mute."

Lawyer Bain emitted the babbling chuckle of the fat throated. "It's quite some time since Iry won any prizes for silent thought," he stated. "You are known hereabouts?" he added after a pause.

"Very little."

"Gansett Jim, yonder, looks as if he kinder cherished the honor of your acquaintance."

Over his shoulder Kent caught the half breed's glance fixed upon him with stolid intensity. A touch on his arm made him turn to the other side, where Sailor Smith faced him.

"Didn't hardly know you with your beard off," piped the old man. "Howdy, professor? You're slicked up like your own wedding."

"Good morning," said the scientist. "Are you going inside? Sit with us, won't you? Mr. Sedgwick is with me."

The ex-sailor started. "Him?" he exclaimed. "Here? There's been quite a lot of talk!"

"Suspicion, you mean?"

"Well, yes."

"People are inclined to connect Mr. Sedgwick with the death of the woman."

"What else can you expect?" returned the old man deprecatingly. "Iry Dennett's been tellin' his story. He's certain the woman he seen talkin' to Mr. Sedgwick is the dead woman—willing to swear to it anywhere."

"What about Gansett Jim? Has he contributed anything to the discussion?"

"No, Jim's as close tongued as Iry is clatter mouthed."

"And probably with reason," muttered Elder Kent. "Well, I'll look for you inside."

He returned to join Sedgwick. Together they entered the building, while behind them a rising hum testified to the interest felt in them by the villagers.

Within a tall, wisened man with dead, fishy eyes stalked nervously to and fro on a platform, beside which a hastily constructed coffin with a hinged cover stood on three sawhorses. On a chair near by slouched the sheriff, his face red and streaming. A few perplexing men and women were scattered on the benches. Outside a clock struck 11. There was a quick inflow of the populace, and the man on the platform lifted up a chattering voice.

"Feller citizens," he said, "as medical officer I declare these proceedings opened. Meaning no disrespect to the deceased, we want to get through as soon as possible. First we will hear witnesses. Anybody who thinks he can throw any light on this business can have a hearing. Then those as wants may view the remains. The burial will take place right afterward in the town buryin' ground, our feller citizens and sheriff, Mr. Len Schlager, having volunteered the expenses."

CHAPTER VI.
"Dah do murder!"

THE first witness, a sheep harder, rose in his place and, without the formality of an oath, told of sighting the body at the edge of the surf at 7 o'clock in the morning.

Others, following, testified to the position on the beach, the lashing of the body to the grating, the wounds and the manacles. Dr. Breed announced briefly that the deceased had come to her death by drowning and that the skull had been crushed in, presumably, when the waves hammered the body upon the reefs.

"Then the corpse must have come from a good ways out," said Sailor Smith, "for the reefs wouldn't catch it at that tide."

"Nobody knows how the dead came to Lonesome Cove," said the sheriff in his deep voice.

Elder Ira Dennett was the next and last witness called. Somewhere beneath the elder's dry exterior lurked the instinct of the drama. Stalking to the platform, he told his story with skill and fervor. He made a telling point of the newly finished picture he had seen in Sedgwick's studio, depicting the moonlit charge of the wave mounted corpse. He sketched out the encounter between the artist and the dead woman vividly.

Then Sedgwick rose. He was white, but his voice was under perfect control as he said:

"It is all true. But I do not know the woman who accosted me. I never saw her before that evening. She spoke strangely to me and indicated that she was to meet some one and go aboard ship, though I saw no sign of a ship."

"You couldn't see much of the ocean from your house," said the medical officer.

"I walked on the cliffs later," said Sedgwick, and a murmur went through the courtroom, "but I never found the woman. And as for throwing her out—no ship, or any such fantastic nonsense, I can prove that I was back in my house by a little after 9 o'clock that night."

He sat down coolly enough, but his face was white.

Now, however, Dr. Breed was on his feet again. "Form in blue, ladies and gentlemen," said he, "and pass the coffin as early as possible."

At this Sheriff Schlager stepped forward and loosened the haws preparatory to removing the cover. "The body has been left," said he, slipping two lid aside, "just as—"

Of a sudden

den, his eyes, stiffened. A convulsive shudder ran through his big body. He jammed the cover back, and, with fingers that eagerly drummed on the wood, forced the haws into place.

"She's come to life!" cried a voice from the rear.

"No, no!" replied the sheriff, whirling upon the medical officer, he whispered in his ear—not more than a single word, it seemed to the watchful Kent.

The doctor turned ghastly. "Gents," he said in a quivering voice to the amazed crowd, "the program will not be carried out as arranged. The—the—well, the condition of the deceased is not fit to—"

He stopped, mopping his brow.

But Yankee curiosity was not so easily to be balked of its food. It found expression in Lawyer Bain.

"That ain't the law, doc," he said. "I'm the law here," declared Sheriff Schlager, planting himself solidly between the crowd and the coffin. One hand crept slowly back toward his hip.

"Don't pull any gun on me," retorted the lawyer quietly. "It ain't necessary."

"You heard Doc Breed say the body wasn't fit to be viewed," pursued the sheriff.

"That's all right too. But the doc hasn't got the final word. The law has. And the law says, that the body shall be duly viewed. Otherwise, and the deceased being buried without view, an order of the court to—"

"no may be obtained."

"Look at Breed," whispered Kent to Sedgwick.

The medical officer's lips were gray as he leaned forward to pluck at the sheriff's arm. There was a whispered colloquy between them. Then Breed spoke, with a pitiful effort at self control:

"Lawyer Bain's point is

THE JOY OF MOTHERHOOD

Came to this Woman after Taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound to Restore Her Health

Ellensburg, Wash.—"After I was married I was not well for a long time and a good deal of the time was not able to go about. Our greatest desire was to have a child in our home and one day my husband came back from town with a bottle of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and wanted me to try it. It brought relief from my troubles. I improved in health so I could do my housework; we now have a little one, all of which I owe to Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound."—Mrs. O. E. Johnson, R. No. 3, Ellensburg, Wash.

There are women everywhere who long for children in their homes yet are denied this happiness on account of some functional disorder which in most cases would readily yield to Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Such women should not give up hope until they have given this wonderful medicine a trial, and for special advice write Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co., Lynn, Mass. The result of 40 years experience is at your service.

Special War Time Saving on Repairs of All Kinds of Rubber Goods

Rubber Boots Half Soled, Red or Black Rubber.....\$1.25
Hot Water Bottles repaired 25c to 50c
Casings and Tubes repaired at special rates.

These Special Rates last until April 1st.

Good Year Tire Dealers. Nickle Plating done.

All repairs and accessories strictly cash.

The WINONA VULCANIZING and TIRE WORKS
Winona, Ontario

Jas. Crawford Confectioner

Manufacturer of Wedding Cakes
Ice Cream and Fine Candy

Weddings, Receptions, At Homes and Entertainments Supplied

Lunch Counters Caterers

24 King St. W., HAMILTON

Auction Sale of Real Estate

Under and by virtue of the Powers contained in a certain mortgage, which will be produced at the time of sale, there will be offered for sale by Public Auction, at the Post office in the Village of Grimsby on FRIDAY, AUGUST 30th, A. D. 1918 at 2:30 o'clock in the afternoon, the following valuable freehold property, being composed of part of Lot No. 4 in the Third Concession of the Township of North Grimsby, in the County of Lincoln, containing 30 acres, otherwise described as follows: COMMENCING at the north-east angle of said Lot No. 4; THENCE south 18 degrees, west 25 chains; THENCE north 72 degrees, west 20 chains; THENCE north 18 degrees, east 15 chains to the Concession line; THENCE south 72 degrees, east 20 chains to the place of beginning.

On the said property is a frame house with cellar; a barn, well and cistern, greenhouse; also grape vines, peach, apple and cherry trees and black currant bushes.

The property is situated south of the Hamilton Stone Road, and about two miles from the Village of Grimsby. The premises can be inspected at any time.

TERMS:—Property will be offered for sale subject to a reserve bid, and the purchaser will be required to pay down 10 per cent. of his purchase price at the time of sale. Further conditions can be learned on application to the Undersigned

INGERSOLL, KINGSTON & HETHERINGTON,
24 James Street,
St. Catharines, Ont.
Solicitors for the Mortgagees.
DATED this 22nd day of
July, A. D. 1918.

Try an Independent Ad.

DATES OF FALL FAIRS, 1918

Issued by the Agricultural Societies Branch of the Ontario Department of Agriculture, Toronto, J. Leckie Wilson, Superintendent.

Aberfoyle.....	Oct. 1
Abingdon.....	Oct. 11 & 12
Acton.....	Sept. 24 & 25
Agincourt (Scarboro) Sept. 24 & 25	
Alisa Craig.....	Sept. 29 & 30
Alexandria.....	Sept. 10 & 11
Alfred.....	Sept. 24
Alliston.....	Oct. 3 & 4
Alvinston.....	Oct. 5 & 6
Amherstburg.....	Sept. 30 & Oct. 1
Anaconda.....	Sept. 24 & 25
Arnprior.....	Sept. 17-19
Arthur.....	Sept. 24 & 25
Ashworth.....	Sept. 27
Atwood.....	Sept. 17 & 18
Avonmore.....	Sept. 17 & 18
Aylmer.....	Sept. 26 & 27
Ayton.....	Sept. 15 & 16
Bancroft.....	Sept. 26 & 27
Barrie.....	Sept. 16-18
Bayville.....	Oct. 3
Beachburg.....	Sept. 23-25
Beaconsfield.....	Sept. 29 & 30
Bellville.....	Oct. 3 & 4
Berwick.....	Sept. 16 & 17
Bilbrook.....	Oct. 7 & 8
Blackstock.....	Sept. 24 & 25
Blenheim.....	Oct. 3 & 4
Blyth.....	Sept. 23 & 24
Bobcaygeon.....	Sept. 25 & 26
Bolton.....	Sept. 30 & Oct. 1
Bothwell's Corners.....	Sept. 10 & 20
Bowmanville.....	Sept. 17 & 18
Bradford.....	Oct. 10 & 11
Bracebridge.....	Sept. 26 & 27
Brampton.....	Sept. 20 & 21
Bridgen.....	Oct. 1
Brighton.....	Sept. 12 & 13
Brinsley.....	Oct. 8
Bruce Mines.....	Sept. 25
Brussels.....	Sept. 17 & 18
Burk's Falls.....	Sept. 26 & 27
Burford.....	Oct. 1 & 2
Burlington.....	Thanksgiving Day
Caledon.....	Sept. 27 & 28
Caledonia.....	Oct. 10 & 11
Campbellford.....	Sept. 24 & 25
Carp.....	Oct. 24 & 25
Castleton.....	Oct. 1 & 2
Cayuga.....	Sept. 24 & 25
Centerville.....	Sept. 14
Charlton.....	Sept. 17 & 18
Chatham.....	Sept. 17-19
Chatsworth.....	Sept. 13 & 14
Clarence Creek.....	Sept. 18
Chesley.....	Sept. 17 & 18
Clarksburg.....	Sept. 17 & 18
Cobden.....	Sept. 26 & 27
Cobourg.....	Oct. 1 & 2
Cochrane.....	Sept. 26 & 27
Colborne.....	Sept. 16 & 17
Coldwater.....	Sept. 24 & 25
Collingwood.....	Sept. 18-19
Comber.....	Sept. 27 & 28
Cookstown.....	Oct. 1 & 2
Cookville.....	Oct. 2
Cornwall.....	Sept. 5-7
Courtland.....	Sept. 10-12
Delta.....	Sept. 18-20
Demorestville.....	Sept. 19 & 20
Desboro.....	Sept. 19 & 20
Dorchester Station.....	Oct. 1 & 2
Drayton.....	Sept. 26 & 27
Dresden.....	Sept. 24 & 25
Drumbo.....	Sept. 24 & 25

Dunbar.....	Oct. 4
Dundalk.....	Oct. 2 & 3
Dundas.....	Oct. 3 & 4
Dunsmuir.....	Sept. 19 & 20
Durham.....	Sept. 24 & 25
Elmira.....	Sept. 20 & 21
Elmvale.....	Sept. 24 & 25
Embro.....	Oct. 3
Emo.....	Sept. 19 & 20
Ensdale.....	Sept. 24 & 25
Englehart.....	Sept. 19 & 20
Erin.....	Oct. 9 & 10
Essex.....	Sept. 17-19
Fairground.....	Oct. 1
Fenelon Falls.....	Sept. 13 & 14
Fenwick.....	Sept. 24 & 25
Fergus.....	Sept. 26 & 27
Fergusham.....	Oct. 1 & 2
Fleeterton.....	Sept. 26 & 27
Flintville.....	Oct. 3 & 4
Flora.....	Oct. 5
Forest.....	Sept. 26 & 27
Fort Erie.....	Sept. 25 & 26
Fort William.....	Sept. 17-19
Frankville.....	Sept. 19 & 20
Frankford.....	Sept. 19 & 20
Freelton.....	Thanksgiving Day
Galt.....	Sept. 26 & 27
Georgetown.....	Oct. 2 & 3
Glencoe.....	Sept. 24 & 25
Goderich.....	Sept. 25-27
Goderich.....	Sept. 25-27
Goderham.....	Oct. 2
Gordon Lake.....	Sept. 27
Gore Bay.....	Oct. 2 & 3
Grand Valley.....	Sept. 19 & 20
Gravenhurst.....	Sept. 19 & 20
Halliburton.....	Sept. 26
Hahover.....	Sept. 26 & 27
Harriston.....	Sept. 26 & 27
Harrow.....	Oct. 8 & 9
Harrowmith.....	Sept. 17 & 18
Hepworth.....	Sept. 11 & 12
Highgate.....	Oct. 11 & 12
Holstein.....	Sept. 24 & 25
Huntsville.....	Sept. 24 & 25
Hymers.....	Sept. 24
Ingersoll.....	Sept. 30 & Oct. 1
Inverary.....	Oct. 5
Iron Bridge.....	Oct. 3
Jarvis.....	Oct. 4
Kaawong.....	Oct. 2
Keene.....	Sept. 25 & 26
Kemble.....	Sept. 5 & 6
Kemptville.....	Sept. 5 & 6
Kenora.....	Oct. 3 & 4
Kilgohr.....	Sept. 24-27
Kinston.....	Sept. 12 & 13
Kimour.....	Sept. 12 & 13
Kirkton.....	Oct. 3 & 4
Lakeside.....	Sept. 17 & 18
Lakeland.....	Sept. 26
Lambeth.....	Sept. 25
Lanark.....	Sept. 12 & 13
Langton.....	Oct. 12
Lansdowne.....	Sept. 19 & 20
Leamington.....	Oct. 2-4
Lindsay.....	Sept. 19-21
Lion's Head.....	Oct. 3 & 4
Listowel.....	Sept. 19 & 20
Lombardy.....	Sept. 7
London (Western Fair).....	Sept. 6-14
Maberly.....	Sept. 25
Madoc.....	Oct. 1 & 2
Magnetawan.....	Sept. 24 & 25
Manitowaning.....	Sept. 26 & 27
Markdale.....	Oct. 8 & 9
Markham.....	Oct. 3-5
Marmora.....	Oct. 1
Marshallville.....	Sept. 8 & 9
Massey.....	Oct. 2 & 3
Matheson.....	Sept. 24 & 25
Mattawa.....	Sept. 25 & 26
Maxville.....	Sept. 26 & 27
McDonald's Corners.....	Sept. 27
Meaford.....	Sept. 27 & 28

Maclean, Sept. 19

Merickville.....	Sept. 17
Metcalfe.....	Sept. 17
Midway.....	Sept. 16
Millbrook.....	Oct. 2
Milton.....	Oct. 8
Milverton.....	Sept. 26
Minden.....	Sept. 26
Mount Brydges.....	Sept. 26
Mount Forest.....	Sept. 18
Muncey.....	Sept. 26
Murillo.....	Oct. 1
New Hamburg.....	Sept. 12
Newington.....	Sept. 24
New Liskeard.....	Sept. 24
Newmarket.....	Sept. 24
Niagara-on-the-Lake.....	Sept. 24
Noelville.....	Sept. 24
Norwich.....	Sept. 24
Norwood.....	Oct. 8
Oakville.....	Sept. 18
Odessa.....	Oct. 1
Ohawekia.....	Oct. 1
Onondaga.....	Sept. 26-28
Orangeville.....	Sept. 17 & 18
Oro.....	Sept. 26
Orono.....	Sept. 26 & 27
Orrville.....	Sept. 26
Oshawa.....	Sept. 26
Ottawa (Central Canada).....	Sept. 26
Otterville.....	Sept. 26
Owen Sound.....	Sept. 16
Paisley.....	Sept. 24 & 25
Pakenham.....	Sept. 23 & 24
Palmerston.....	Sept. 18 & 19
Paris.....	Sept. 26 & 27
Parham.....	Sept. 17 & 18
Parkhill.....	Sept. 23 & 24
Parry Sound.....	Sept. 25
Perth.....	Sept. 25
Peterboro.....	Sept. 19 & 20
Petrolia.....	Sept. 19 & 20
Pickering.....	Sept. 19
Pinkerton.....	Sept. 19
Port Carling.....	Sept. 19
Port Elgin.....	Sept. 19 & 20
Port Perry.....	Sept. 26 & 27
Powassan.....	Sept. 25 & 26
Priceville.....	Oct. 3
Queensville.....	Oct. 8
Rainham Centre.....	Sept. 27 & 28
Rainy River.....	Sept. 10 & 11
Renfrew.....	Sept. 18
Riceville.....	Sept. 8
Richmond.....	Sept. 20 & 21
Ridgeway.....	Oct. 7
Ripley.....	Sept. 24 & 25
Robins Mill.....	Sept. 20 & 21
Rocklyn.....	Oct. 1
Rockton.....	Oct. 8
Rockwood.....	Oct. 3
Rodney.....	Sept. 26, Oct. 3
Rosebush.....	Sept. 26 & 27
Rosseau.....	Sept. 16-17
Sarnia.....	Sept. 24 & 25
Sault Ste Marie.....	Oct. 1
Seaford.....	Sept. 19
Shannonville.....	Sept. 19
Shedden.....	Sept. 19
Shelburne.....	Oct. 1 & 2
Shelburne.....	Sept. 24 & 25
Simcoe.....	Oct. 7-9
Smithville.....	Sept. 17 & 18
South Mountain.....	Sept. 13 & 14
South River.....	Oct. 3 & 4
Spencerville.....	Sept. 24 & 25
Springfield.....	Sept. 19 & 20
Sprucedale.....	Sept. 23 & 24
Stella.....	Sept. 24
Stirling.....	Sept. 25 & 26
Stratford.....	Sept. 25
Stratford.....	Sept. 19
Streatway.....	Sept. 19
Streetsville.....	Sept. 19
Sturgeon Falls.....	Sept. 15 & 16
Sunderland.....	Sept. 17 & 18
Sundridge.....	Oct. 1 & 2
Tara.....	Oct. 1 & 2
Tavistock.....	Sept. 20, Oct. 1
Tenwater.....	Oct. 1 & 2
Thamesville.....	Oct. 1 & 2
Theodore.....	Sept. 20, Oct. 1
Thomson.....	Oct. 1
Thornhill.....	Sept. 22 & 23
Thorold.....	Sept. 15 & 16
Tilsonburg.....	Sept. 16 & 17
Tiverton.....	Oct. 1
Toronto (S. N. E.).....	Aug. 24-Sept. 9
Tweed.....	Oct. 3 & 4
Udora.....	Oct. 1
Underwood.....	Oct. 8
Uttersen.....	Oct. 1 & 2
Vernon.....	Sept. 24 & 25
Wallaceburg.....	Oct. 1 & 2
Wallaceville.....	Sept. 19 & 20
Walter's Falls.....	Sept. 24 & 25
W. W. Worth.....	Oct. 3 & 4
Warren.....	Sept. 17 & 18
Waterdown.....	Oct. 1
Waterford.....	Sept. 27
Watford.....	Oct. 2 & 3
Welland.....	Sept. 20, Oct. 1
Wellandport.....	Sept. 26 & 27
Wellington.....	Sept. 10 & 11
Weston.....	Sept. 13 & 14
Wheatley.....	Sept. 30, Oct. 1
Wharton.....	Sept. 24 & 25
Wilkesport.....	Sept. 26
Williamstown.....	Sept. 19 & 20
Windham.....	Oct. 1
Windsor.....	Sept. 23-26
Winthrop.....	Oct. 8 & 9
Wood.....	Sept. 17 & 18
Woodville.....	Sept. 12 & 13
Wooler.....	Sept. 8
Wray.....	Oct. 10 & 11
Zurich.....	Sept. 18 & 19

NOTICE TO ADVERTISERS

The Independent has been notified by the Canada Food Board at Ottawa that all purveyors of food publishing advertisements in this newspaper must insert the number of their license in each advertisement as follows:

"Canada Food Board—License No. —" These under license are: Grocers (wholesale and retail), bakers (manufacturing and retail), manufacturers of breakfast foods and cereals, millers, retail butchers, fish dealers (wholesale and retail), dealers in fresh fruits and vegetables (wholesale and retail), canners and packers.

The food board earnestly requests the fullest co-operation of these interested in the observation of this regulation.

ORINOCO

SMOKE TUCKETT'S ORINOCO
CUT FINE FOR CIGARETTES - CUT COARSE FOR PIPE

NOW OPEN

GRIMSBY BEACH

Pool and Billiard Hall

(Situated in the old Park House Dining Room)

The Cleanest, Brightest, Best Equipped Billiard Hall in the Niagara District.

Tables and equipment are all Brand New and are supplied by the "Made in Canada" firm, Samuel May & Co. Toronto, Ont.

Open Every Day from now till the snow flies

OIL! OIL! OIL! THE BURNING QUESTION

Our satisfied customers are our best Ad.

Oil Stoves

CHARK JEWEL, FINEST, FLORENCE AUTOMATIC, DAVENUM

Our time is the most complete. Order 707.

Prices will advance.

Wray's Hardware
GRIMSBY, ONT.
Phone 130

One trial will convince you.

5 Gallons \$1.40
40 Gallons \$10.00
Steel Drum \$8.50

NATIONAL LIGHT OIL

Bright Clear Light No Smoke Or Odor

Use National Light Oil

The very best for lamps, lanterns, oil stoves, etc. It is pure, clean, and burns with a bright, clear light, without smoke or odor. It is the only oil that will burn in any lamp or stove without leaving a deposit of carbon or other matter. It is the only oil that will burn in any lamp or stove without leaving a deposit of carbon or other matter. It is the only oil that will burn in any lamp or stove without leaving a deposit of carbon or other matter.

The Mountain Grocery

A Chance for SAVING with UNDOUBTED VALUES

Gem jars, wine quarts per doz. \$1.15
Washing Soda 2 lbs. for 5c
Roman Meal 30c
Shriffs Jelly Powders 10c
Monarch Salmon, tall 35c
Gusto 12c

This is old stock and contains no Substitute

High Grade Black Ceylon Tea, regular 75c, for 50c
Other Blends 55c and 45c
Home made pickles, regular 17c for 14c
Catsup, regular 15c 2 for 25c
Raisins regular 15c 12 1/2c
A good package tea in Black and mixed, regular 60c for 50c

BARREL SALT AND SMOKED MEATS ALWAYS IN STOCK

ALEX. EARLE, Proprietor, Phone 368

"LET NOT YOUR HEART BE TROUBLED"

COME TO—

ST. CATHARINES

LABOR DAY

G. W. V. A. CELEBRATION

Grand Parade 10.30 a. m., Sports, Soldier Training, Dancing, Music, Band Concerts.

See the Big Military Tattoo and "Over the Top" at the Lacrosse in the evening.
GOD SAVE THE KING.

That NEW RANGE

you are going to buy this Fall will cost you less money right now. And we have them in stock and can deliver them right away.

When you look them over in our store and see the many up-to-date appliances for making the work of the housewife easier, and see the price tickets that tell you of the saving to be gained in buying now, you will be glad you came in. Come in, anyway, even if you don't need one now; we're open every evening except Wednesday, and only a step from the H. G. & B. Electric Railway station. Call us on the phone or write; we'll quote you prices and send you a catalogue.

Remember, our Ranges have got to give perfect satisfaction to the customer.

Open every
except
night,
Wednes.

LEE Hardware

STONE CREEK, ONT.

Telephone 103
ring 4
WINDA

AN INTERESTING LETTER FROM A LOCAL

Gunner Charles Wade, of GELBY, a son of Mr. and Mrs. L. Wade, Main Street East, writes very interesting letter to his parents, anent the condition of the front of the battery was occupied in July.

It follows:—

Dear Dad,—

We've just had quite a heavy rain. Today broke with a lot of blue sky, but a fiery sun and day it has been scorching, and that thick sticky feeling in the air that foretells a heavy rain. It is this afternoon just after Pete and I returned from a look over the line up forward. The air feels now. A heavy mist has settled over all the surrounding country. The sun is making a brave attempt to expose itself through it and few high clouds. Everything is but this front has been so quiet that the grass has been allowed to grow over shell-holes, trenches, other side of the ground, so that isn't very muddy except in the trenches and on frequented roads. In these places, however, is so sticky and deep that you get in it is hard to get out.

Can you imagine yourself in position and surrounding? Am sitting on a box which originally contained howitzer shells. Am leaning against a small broken post, and it held a sign once, but since been blown off. We are in a kind of a flat valley, a slight rise of the ground all around. Ground that no doubt before was was among France's most beautiful characteristics—judging from the view all around and roads that were once lined with either side with poplar trees. Stumps. I can see nothing of great prominence—the poles of wireless station just ahead, a broken iron post carrying tangled telephone wire, a badly smashed railway, a few white crosses standing at different angles, many shell-holes of all sizes from the shallow disc-like hole of Heine's "white bang" to his eight inch high velocity shells—these larger shells have dug right down to the chalk, holding it in all directions. But the main thing is that I'm surrounded with guns of all calibres—the place is infested with them, but not a single one visible—here a low mound rising from the earth, here just a simple little sign board, here an almost invisible corrugated iron roof, and all that discloses the position of another is a flash—a yellow rime of smoke arising and a deafening crash followed by the whistle of the death missile as it flies over to molest some Prussian. And the guns are in pits, however camouflaged and concealed, even more so sometimes than the poor soldier, because it is with these iron hurling pistols that we are winning the war, so they must be kept out of sight from the eyes of the German artillery—the aeroplanes and observation balloons. Our system of

K. M. STEPHEN

GRIMSBY,

ONTARIO

SHOES

Our constantly growing shoe business bears testimony to the values which are always to be found in this department. You will find the styles up-to-date, the lasts comfortable and the goods made in a manner that will afford the purchaser every satisfaction. Our aim is not to "Get you once and get you good" but to build up a permanent trade on right values.



Ladies' Mahogany Sport Bala, white fibre sole \$3.00

Ladies' Gunmetal calf bala, low heel, fibre sole \$7.50

Dongola and Gunmetal high cut lace boots, high or low heel \$5.00, \$6.00, \$8.50 and up.

Various lines of A1 shoes which have been in stock one or more seasons. Good shoes, but perhaps not the latest styles. Worth double the money \$2.50 to \$4.50

Children's shoes. Weston's name insures against composition soles and imperfect workmanship. Try them.

Cushion soles for gentlemen. If you have never worn them and want perfect ease for your feet, get a pair \$8.00

Gunmetal calf bala, white fibre sole, a beauty for \$4.00

Boys' heavy grain Bluchers, built to wear \$2.50

Boys' Gunmetal bala, fibre sole \$5.50

Youths' shoes, fine goods, a strong everyday or school boots \$2.50 to \$3.50

MAKE YOUR FEET GLAD



Many Thousand Farm Laborers Wanted for Harvesting in Western Canada

"Going Trip West"—\$12 to WINNIPEG. "Return Trip East"—\$10 from WINNIPEG.

GOING DATES	TERRITORY
August 28, and August 29.	From stations in Ontario West of Smith's Falls to and including Toronto on Lake Ontario Shore Line and Hamilton-Peterborough Line.
August 28, and August 29.	From stations in Ontario West of Smith's Falls to and including Toronto on Lake Ontario Shore Line and Hamilton-Peterborough Line.
August 28, and August 29.	From stations in Ontario West of Smith's Falls to and including Toronto on Lake Ontario Shore Line and Hamilton-Peterborough Line.
August 28, and August 29.	From stations in Ontario West of Smith's Falls to and including Toronto on Lake Ontario Shore Line and Hamilton-Peterborough Line.

Full particulars from Canadian Pacific Ticket Agents.

A Lustrous Finish for Wood Work and Floors

PUT into your home the cheerful appearance that only sparkling freshness can give. Bring back the lustrous, youthful beauty of the woodwork; make your furniture gleam like new. All this can be accomplished with ease. A brush, a pair of hands and your spare moments—and you can give your home the brilliant appearance of a new interior, by the use of

China-Lac

the perfect household finish. Producing a lasting finish that will resist wear, its colors will not fade. The surface may be washed with soap and water, the lustre of China-Lac remains undimmed.

For stairways, doors, baseboards and all interior woodwork, China-Lac comes in suitable shades. There is also glass white (a hard washable white enamel) for kitchen and bathroom—and flat white where a soft white finish is desired.

China-Lac is also the perfect floor finish—lustrous, durable, inexpensive. It is not crack or show hard prints. China-Lac is the most attractive and useful of all the finishes for that chair or table which you have discarded because of its scratched surface. A few cents worth of China-Lac will transform any piece of furniture.

China-Lac, while staining the wood and giving a surface that gleams like glass, permits the original grain of the wood to show through the tough shining finish. It is strong and resistant to use. Give it a trial on some article of furniture.

We carry and recommend the following B-M products:
For Exterior Painting: B-M Enamel Paint, B-M Staining the Wood, B-M Floor and Wall Paper, B-M Floor and Wall Paper, B-M Floor and Wall Paper.
For Interior Painting: B-M Enamel Paint, B-M Staining the Wood, B-M Floor and Wall Paper, B-M Floor and Wall Paper, B-M Floor and Wall Paper.
For Exterior Painting: B-M Enamel Paint, B-M Staining the Wood, B-M Floor and Wall Paper, B-M Floor and Wall Paper, B-M Floor and Wall Paper.

THEAL BROS., Grimsby

camouflaging is wonderful and Heine has a h— of a time detecting us. However just wait till that evening when he put on a raid and our infantry send up an S. O. S. signal. A deafening crash ensues—all guns speaking and then the old Hun meets a deathly impenetrable barrage, meets it before he gets over "no man's land"—a cruel barrage that challenges men of the greatest nerve and courage to get through, that chops the ground up to sawdust. That is the way the "Canadians" greet Heine when he endeavours to become too familiar and he knows it too. He is wise to those fearless Canadians that stop at nothing and he keeps quiet—for the Canucks have made a name for themselves in this war, a name that will go down in history. The little Canadian Corps that has never been beaten—that has always gained its objective—that has defied the best of the Prussians—Prussians who have been trained for years, men that are supposed to be unbeatable—the volunteers from little old Canada have licked. Who dares to say that the Canadians aren't men, aren't fighters—they may be disciplined and there may be too much familiarity between officers and men, but the Canadians are "there" and "there with the gods" everlastingly and when we've won this war—Canada will get her share of the praise and she deserves it for they are all men that are reared in Canada, they may be rough and ready, but they are men with brains of their people and country, and patriotism for the Motherland.

Well dad, I'd have a great many things to tell you when I get home, I'll be in the oven, smoking a cigar and telling a few of the many experiences I've had in the army. So it seems to me now, but I've heard that when men get back out of this hell they do not talk, it may be so, but the main thing will be home.

Well dad, the war is getting and the air is getting kind of chilly, so will close. Mail has been arriving pretty regularly lately. Give my love to mother and the boys.
CHARLEY.

PAID UP LIST

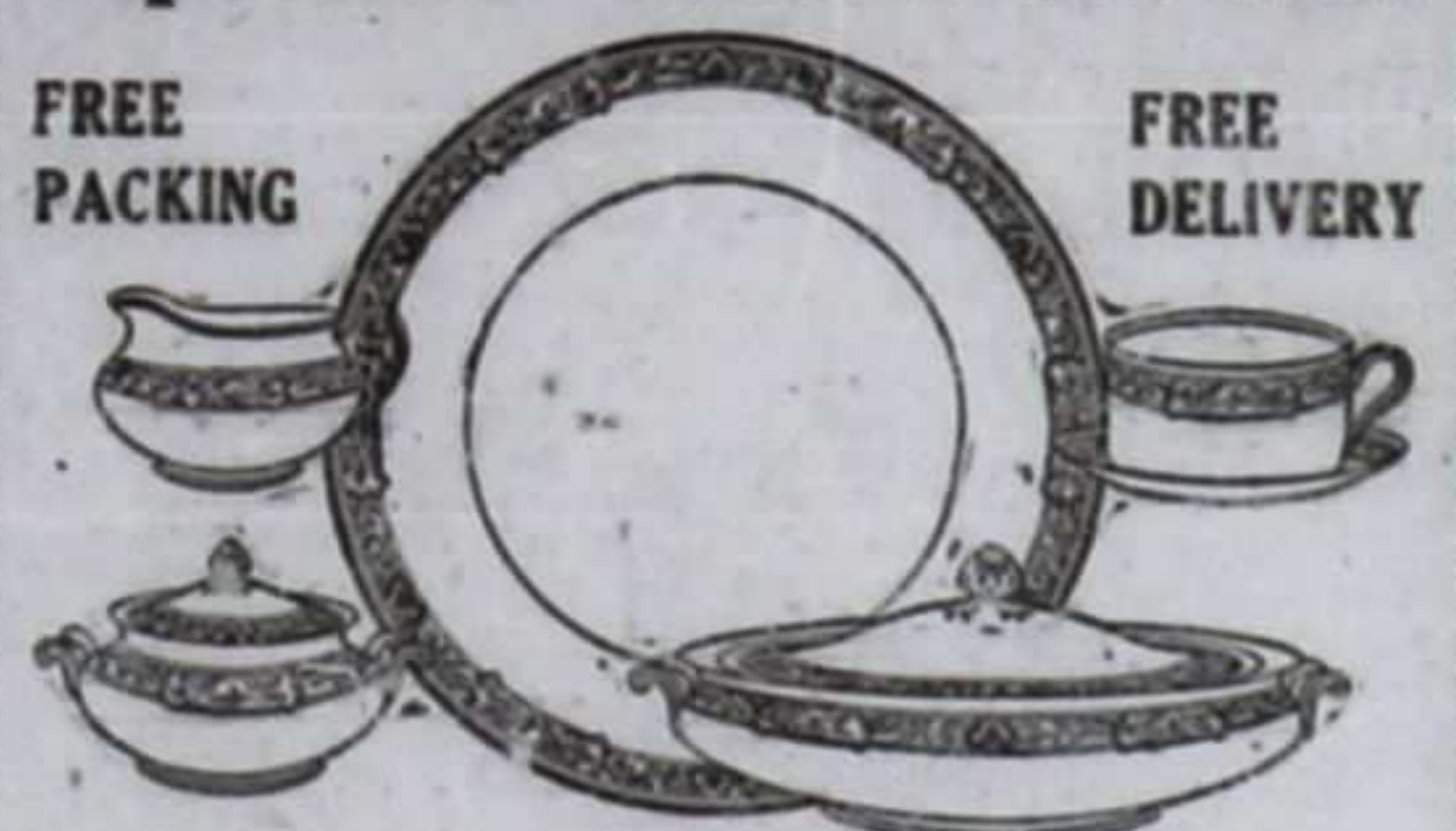
Geo. A. Chambers, Dunnville, May 15/18
Miss V. Parsons, Dunnville, Aug 22/18

STANLEY MILLS & CO., Limited, Hamilton

September Dinnerware Sale

FREE PACKING

FREE DELIVERY



Cleveland. This is one of Johnson Bros' cleanest cut decorations. Dominant color tones are brown and black, with just a faint touch of pink. Royal shapes. Open stock.

In common, with other Johnson Bros' sets, we can supply cereals, salad plates, egg cups, jugs, etc. 97 pieces and free gift \$22.50.

FREE A ten inch silver plated Mirror Plaque with every complete 97 piece set sold during this Sale.

Johnson Bros' Sets \$12.50 to \$30.00
Theodore Haviland China \$65.00 to \$85.00

VICTORY BONDS

Bought and sold by

F. C. H. PATTISON

Agent for

MORGAN-DEAN, HARRIS & CO.

PUBLIC AND HIGH SCHOOLS OPEN ON TUESDAY, SEPT. 2, 1918.